



Main St. South P. O. BOX 134 STRATHCOO



## Chronicle Literary Columns

Probably the greatest recent triumph on the American stage has been the play entitled "The Man in the Moon," by George Broadhurst. The story which the play tells has been condemned by a writer in *Smith's Magazine* and makes most interesting reading.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Alwyn Bennett stepped into the big lounge-room at the Wainwright's summer home. From an adjoining room came the insistent click of a typograph instrument. Charles Wainwright, whether in the city or in the country, kept in touch with the market. His secretary was even now bottling down market reports and arranging papers in order for the personal of the magazine when he should call for them.

Bennett, however, was thinking of neither Wainwright nor his secretary. He had been left money. His father, the general, had been a brilliant soldier, first as a soldier, then as a manager of city works. Consequently it was not necessary for Alwyn to do much for himself, and he had the name of being somewhat of an idler, a good natured, a good fellow generally, but not ambitious or particularly clever in his work. As he stood before the fireplace at this moment, however, he looked like anything but a good-natured idler. In spite of his tennis flannels. There was a scowl on his strong, irrepressible face, and his square jaw was set in a manner not at all consistent with the reputation he had earned for himself. He had a copy of the *Herald* in his hands, and was reading an item in it for the first time, when Dallas Wainwright entered the room.

It had been a life-long puzzle to Alwyn Bennett how such a girl as Dallas could be nice to a man of the type of Charles Wainwright. Wainwright was long and lean and thin—

lipped, cold and composed in manner, crafty and imperturbable, with an underlying strain of cruelty in his disposition. Dallas, to say the least, had none of these attributes. Bennett's face lighted up as he turned to greet her.

"Where do you suppose they got this thing?" he asked holding out the paper.

"What thing?"

Bennett read:

"We are able to state on the highest authority, that the engagement of the niece of a great financier and attorney at law, to a prominent and during young Wall Street operator will be announced in the near future. As the young lady and her father are the only relatives of the magnate as he will undoubtedly leave them the bulk of his great fortune, and as the prospective groom is the head of a prominent Stock Exchange firm, the marriage in addition to being a love-match, should be a most fortunate and advantageous one in every way."

Bennett laid the paper on the table and turned to Dallas. She had looking into a chair, and was looking intently at the floor before her. Bennett could see her thick, dark hair and the soft curve of her cheek. He could not see her eyes.

Bennett knew her well. For years they had ridden together and played tennis together on terms of the most perfect camaraderie. At times it had seemed to Bennett that their friendship was about to ripen into something more than friendship. It seemed to him that he had had opportunities. He loved Dallas, but he was that type of man who needs some sharp spur to rouse him to action. He had never cared greatly to reach forth for the things that seemed within his reach and easily attainable.

The paragraph in the paper was a spur that had set him eagerly in search of Dallas from the moment he had read it. There was no mistaking the meaning of it. Charles Wainwright and his niece were indicated as plainly as if their names had been

spelled forth in type. The daring young Wall Street operator could be none other than Scott Gibbs. He had forged to the front on Wall Street. He was the head of his own Stock Exchange firm. Alwyn had known him well at college, but not so well since they had left college. In the years that had intervened they had drifted apart more and more. Gibbs had worked while Alwyn had played. And a great part of the time he had played with Dallas.

Her present attitude disturbed him. He knew her well, and he had never known her to behave this way. It had been her custom to look him straight in the eyes, and now, although he moved around and leaned against the mantel before her, she did not look up, but instead platted and replatted the loose folds of skirt on her knee.

"Where do you suppose they got that report?" he repeated. "Imagine Gibbs engaged to any girl! He's too busy making money. While he was asking her he might lose a commission on two hundred shares."

"Mr. Gibbs is here," said Dallas.

"Here in the house?"

"Yes; he's out for the day."

Alwyn went closer to the girl and looked down at her.

"Look here," he said, "you don't mean that there is anything in this?"

He broke off with a laugh. The idea seemed ridiculous and unreal. Then he glanced again at Dallas, and the meaning of her attitude, her changed manner, her unaccustomed embarrassment, slowly bore in upon his mind.

The idea was slow in coming to him, but when it did come it shook him considerably. He started toward her again, and as he did so she rose to her feet.

"There isn't anything in it, is there?" he said.

Dallas looked him in the eyes for the first time. Her face was flushed, but her eyes met his steadily, defiantly, even.

"You don't mean to say that you care for him?"

"You have no right to say that."

"But I have—I love you!"

Dallas moved away from him as he approached her, and when she spoke again the table was between them.

"You don't," she said slowly, and in a low voice, as if the saying of it hurt her. "I know you well, Alwyn. You are like a child who finds some one has taken a toy to which he is

attached. That he will never get over it, but is accustomed. For a time he thinks a little while he finds another and then—Dallas dropped her eyes again—then he forgets."

There had always been a curious delicateness about Alwyn Bennett, a shyness and precision of movement, an absence of bluff and ease, Dallas who had known him from a child, knew his ability to control his feeling and to bear pain in silence. She was never more aware of that ability than at the present moment. Alwyn sat down and quietly laid his tennis-racket on the table. She felt him looking at her, but she could not bear to meet his eyes. She was afraid of the expression in them. She knew it so well, and she knew that Alwyn was suffering—suffering keenly.

"You really think that of me?"

Dallas did not answer him. She moved impulsively toward him.

"If you do love me," she said, "do you, I am not proud of you now."

"You, I am not proud of you now."

Alwyn did not speak. He had picked up his racket again and was clutching it hard in both hands.

"Your father left you great wealth."

"What have you done now?"

"Your youth is going fast."

"What have you done with it?"

"You have health and strength. What have you done with all your gifts—all your talent and power?"

The girl was in earnest now, flushed and breathless with the intensity of her feeling, no longer afraid to meet his eyes.

Alwyn hesitated and stammered:

"I never thought—I didn't think—"

"I'll tell you what you have done. You have wasted your life so far. Your father fought, and won. You are nothing but aidler—a looker-on at the game, while others play and win. What are you but a rich man's son? We both know a good many such, don't we?"

"What is there for me to do?"

said Bennett quietly.

"Do a man's work. Last election you made speeches for Mr. Lorimer. They say that you won the campaign for him. You did that just to help

a friend out. You were good-natured at the start, and then you became interested and forgot yourself and really accomplished something. It has always been that way with you. Why not do something for yourself, and do it seriously? There are so many opportunities. Take one!"

Alwyn slowly arose from his chair and laid his racket on the table.

"If I do," he said, looking at her steadily, "have I a chance—for you?"

"I told Mr. Gibbs to wait," said Dallas.

Alwyn drew a long breath. "Then I have a chance," he said. "I know that what you say is true. I have always realized it. I have made up my mind before this to quit having fun and do something, but there was always something to make me change my mind again. It will be different now. Till to-day I have been a rich man's son. Now I am really going to start for myself. I am going to begin on my own account—for you."

"The trouble with you is," said Dallas, "that nothing less than a blow will arouse you. Would you have told me what you told me just now had it not been for that article?"

It has always been the same with you. The first time I saw you playing football you were playing a hard game, but not a fighting game, not the game that wins. Then, once when your head was turned a man struck you, a cowardly unfair blow. It aroused your fighting blood. Five minutes later the man who struck you was carried off the field. That made no difference, though. Your blood was up and you played with a ferocity that frightened me. You won the game, but it was the blow that aroused you. Do you remember?"

"I remember," said Alwyn, with a grim smile. "Do you know who it was that struck that blow?"

"No."

"It was Scott Gibbs."

"That is impossible."

"Ask him," said Alwyn. "Here he comes."

There was a noise of footsteps, and Gibbs, Wainwright and another man

entered the room. Gibbs was a little older than Alwyn, a little more regular in the features, a little more polished and assured of manner. He seemed more like a contemporary and friend of Wainwright, whose manner to Alwyn as he greeted him suggested somehow that he still looked upon him as a boy engaged in boyish sports. If Alwyn was hurt by this or hurt by the fact that Dallas moved forward to greet Gibbs with hands graciously outstretched his face did not show it. After greeting the two men and looking curiously at the stranger who was not of the type usually to be seen in Wainwright's house, he picked up his cap from the table and strolled outside.

(To be continued.)

## Have Your Prescriptions Dispensed at Duncan's

Our Drug Stock is very Complete and Large

We give special attention to all Prescriptions, Family Receipts and Optical Work

Duncan's Drug Store  
PHONE 97 GAINER BLOCK

## Wainwright's Undertaking Parlors.



Complete Stock of Coffins and Caskets always on Hand.  
General Directing and Undertaking  
Good Hearers in Attendance.

# READ THIS CAREFULLY

Strathcona has the only Daily Paper between Edmonton and Calgary

Do YOU Support it? If Not, Why Not?

## CHRONICLE JOB PRINTING

The Spring rush will soon be on and the Present is THE time to get your Office Stationery Printed. The Chronicle Job Department turns out the best of from the hands of Experienced Workmen

## WE PRINTED STATIONERY

is one of the most important Advertisements a Business man can have. An Artistic Letter Head or Envelope Attracts Attention and brings you Business

## G U S A TRIAL

